

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

VOL. III. No. 10.

J. J. BURKE,
EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

Antioch, Illinois, Thursday Morning Nov. 7, 1889.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR
STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

NEW STOCK OF CLOAKS AT C. O. FOLTZ

WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINE, TIME TABLE

GOING NORTH.
No. 5, 5:30 P. M.
No. 7, 10:00 A. M.

GOING SOUTH.
No. 3, 5:02 A. M.
No. 1, 11:00 A. M.
No. 6, 4:50 P. M.

TRAINS GIVEN STOP AT ANTIOCH.
Reference mark * Stop on signal.
W. F. ZIEGLER, Agt.

Antioch Home News.

November.

Send us news items.

Are you prepared for Winter?

The ground Monday morning was considerably frozen.

Subscribe for the News, only one dollar from now until Jan. 1st, 1891.

A number of our local nimrods, have been out at Grass Lake, shooting "Canvass Backs" (?)

We are prepared to print Auction bills any size or in any quantity; give us a call, and we will save you money on this line of work.

Quite a rain storm visited this locality, the latter part of last week, and as a result wells and cisterns are in better condition.

The *Detroit Free Press* and this paper four months for 35 cents, to new subscribers. Send in your cash subscriptions to this office.

Geo. R. Olcott, Dentist of Antioch will be at the office of Dr. E. F. Schaffer, Gray's Lake, the 1st and 3d Tuesday of every month.

Call at this office and get a Sample Copy of the *Detroit Free Press*. We give them away, in order that our friends may see the paper, and take advantage of our liberal clubbing offer.

The *Wauconda Torpedo*, by S. W. Johnson, is the latest addition to our County exchange list. We wish the *Torpedo* and editor Johnson, abundance of success, in the never ending labors of Journalism.

We have made arrangements with the *Detroit Free Press* whereby for the months of October and November we will furnish a copy of the *Free Press* and this paper four months to new subscribers for the nominal sum of 35 cents. Send in your subscriptions and get two papers for a little more than the cost of one.

During the past few weeks we have been sending out a number of sample copies of this paper; we ask those who receive a copy to look the paper over carefully, and we are sure you will find something of interest in it; we don't get out a big blank sheet filled with patent medicine ads. but we do claim to get out a good, sprightly, newsy paper, and will send it to new subscribers from now until Jan. 1st 1891 for \$1.00. Now is the time to subscribe.

In regard to an item that appeared in the News of last week, stating that Miss Ida James, led all lady dancers at the dancing class, we are sorry to hear for the benefit of the class as James in particular was not written by her. It was handed in among the articles in question. Miss Ida James was offended. We regret exceedingly. We wish to assure the young lady that hastily reading over the proof, we failed to see anything seriously objectionable in the item, and allowed it to appear. Whatever the offense may have been, we assure the young lady none was intended, or should have been allowed to appear. We deemed the item one calculated to cast a slur upon anyone.

During the past few days we have sent out bills to a number of our Subscribers who are in arrears from one to two years. We need some money in order to meet our accounts, and keep up running expenses of the office, and our friends will confer a favor upon us, by calling and settling their accounts, long since over due. Reader should one of these bills reach you, just kindly consider that the printer works hard for his money, that the amount is so small you can readily pay it, then resolve to do so at once, and carry your good resolution into effect, as the aggregate of such bills amounts to considerable, and would enable us to meet all our obligations promptly. Also please remember that at the low price of one dollar per year, we expect to be paid exact, cash, strictly in advance.

Call at Montey's for Oysters.
Lovers of Sauerkraut will find it for sale at Foltz.

Barber Hodge has his new rooms fitted up in fine shape.

Several from this town are attending court in Waukegan, this week.

At latest accounts Edd Davis was very low, and fears entertained of his recovery.

Mrs. Gaines, mother of Charles Gaines Esq. died Monday and was buried Wednesday.

Chinn's sale of live stock on last Thursday, was quite successful, new milch Cows sold very well.

Mrs. Webster lost a gold watch while going home from church Sunday, and at last accounts had not found it.

Antioch can boast of a family of nine children, all attending School. Can any of our neighboring towns beat it? This interesting family, are the children of Mr. and Mrs. H. Brogan.

If the people of Lake Co., fail to keep posted on County affairs, they have only themselves to blame, as the dozen or more papers published in the County, ought to keep them well posted.

The Fat Stock Show in Chicago, will open immediately after the close of the Horse Show, which will occur on Saturday Nov. 9th. The above shows are under the auspices of the State Board of Agriculture, and is well worth attending.

For the past few days our "typo" has been visiting friends in Racine, leaving the office short handed, so that if the paper appears this week with less than the usual amount of home news, it is owing to our having to act as editor, typo, proof reader and "devil," besides sawing wood and attending to the business of a country Justice's office.

The discovery of stromtion beds at and around Libertyville and Rockefeller, promises to develop into quite an industry in that part of the county. Already a company has been organized for the reduction of the metal, and it has decided to locate at Rockefeller. The capital of the company is \$50,000 and works will be erected at once. The metal is found in beds but a short distance under the surface, and is mixed with sand, so that it is easily got out. As soon as buildings are up the company will be ready to receive the ore from the people.

—Waukegan Gazette.

WESTERN LETTER.

VANCOUVER, Was. Territory, Oct. 28.

DEAR EDITOR:—

At my last writing I was at Spokane Falls. When I was at that place there was an arrival of 800 laborers per day, and there were just as many leaving at the same time for there were too many workmen in the place already. When I took my departure from Spokane for Tacoma, 17 coaches constituted our train; they were all filled to their utmost capacity with mostly workmen. When we arrived at the latter I found business to be in about the same condition as at the former place there was a great deal of work to be done, but there were thousands of men ready to do it. I stopped over there for three days, and liked the climate there much better than at any place I had ever before. Tacoma is quite a large city situated on one of the arms of Puget Sound, and 1085 miles west from St. Paul. It is a very pretty place and a pleasant place to live. Any one that is dissatisfied with the eastern climate could not do better than to come to the far West, but they do not want to stop east of the mountains; if they do it means privation and hardship. After three days stay in Tacoma we took the boat for Olympia the capital of the Terr. of Washington where the most of our crew left us to go to Seattle, where there are more laborers than at either of the former places. My next stopping place was at Elmy where the Chehalis county Fair was in session. The farmers had their best display of vegetables that I ever saw; they had numerous squashes that weighed from 90 to 100 lbs. each, and beets that were 8 inches in diameter, and were 34 inches in length, and other vegetables in proportion. This is also a desirable place to live.

E. J. Burdick.

DANCING SCHOOL.

Second term commences Saturday November 10th. Only one night a week this term, on Saturday, at 8 P. M. The waltz will receive special attention this term.

HARRY THACKER,
LAKE VILLA, ILLINOIS.
Has been appointed Publishers Agent to receive subscriptions and advertisements for the ADVOCATE.

Lake Villa Locals

Mr. Edwards is but little better.

Mr. Winhold is putting up a fine new barn.

Master Fred Wright of Sand Lake is attending the select school at Lake Villa.

Mr. Pender of Long Lake has purchased a lot of Mr. Burnett and will build a dwelling house soon.

Mr. Thacker has purchased a lot and will probably put up a ten thousand dollar house before spring.

News seems to be scarce this week. Wont somebody please to get married so we can have something to report.

Miss Myrtle Hall left one day last week for Nebraska where she expects to make her home with her sister Mrs. Fatmer.

Why does Mr. Frost look so sad? Because his two youngest (cats) are no more; death supposed to be caused by eating rats that had been poisoned. Moral—Don't let your cats eat dead rats.

What made everybody late at church last Sunday morning? Freight trains across the track, clocks too slow and various other reasons, but principally because Mr. Taylor begins promptly at the time set, which is a quarter of eleven.

The saloon is at last closed, and we hope that for all time. We understand that the building will not again be rented for the same purpose and as it will be some time if ever, before a building spot can be obtained for a saloon, we may not be blessed (?) with such an institution very soon.

Messrs Strang, Webb, Potter and Huber have built sidewalks in front of their dwellings, and we hear that the ladies are going to give a supper and raise funds to extend the walk to the corner. If the ladies take hold of it of course it will be built, then when they get that done they will probably form a Fire Company.

Camp Lake.

Miss Adelaide Orris spent Sunday at home.

Why cant we have a Camp Lake Clipper, all we lack is news.

Miss Louise Jordan commenced her school in Wheatland this week.

Mrs. J. H. McVey and daughter visited her sister in Antioch last week.

Mr. Noah Yaw and his daughter Grace visited relatives in Lake Co. last week.

Mr. Wolf and wife and Mr. Euzenbecker and wife spent Sunday at Camp Lake.

Mr. Henry Yaw is finishing off his cottage and will be ready for ice cutters this winter.

Miss Hattie Yaw is attending school in Wilmet this fall. That is right Hattie there is nothing like a good education.

Miss Lizzie Jordan made a flying visit to Camp Lake last week. She returned on Friday accompanied by her sister Emma.

We understand that J. M. Orris has purchased a lot of James Jordan and is about to erect a new house. J. M. will teach our school this coming winter.

J. H. McVey is building a large addition to his house and can now accommodate a large number of boarders. The work is being done by J. Owen and the O'Maley boys of Wilmet.

There was considerable excitement in our quiet burgh the other evening over an intoxicated man. Never mind girls you are respected by all your neighbors, while he is looked upon as an object of disgust.

Fred Faulkner still works for the Lincoln Ice company; he says he can work cheap and still save more money than he could if he worked

away from the lake, for he dont have to pay out money for livery rigs to go to see his girl.

Now boys if Pat Gallagher Jr. comes up missing some of these days dont wonder at it for there was a big barrel of cider rolled in the cellar one day last week.

STRANGER.

LOST.

Between Antioch village, and the Dew farm, Sunday last, an open face, gentlemen's gold watch, with a cord attached. Supposed to be lost on the railroad right-of-way. Finder please return to Mrs. Webster, on the Dew farm.

ILLINOIS PATENTS.

Patents granted to citizens of Ill. during the past week, and reported for this paper by C. A. Snow & Co., Patent lawyers, opposite U. S. Patent office, Washington, D. C.

A. Anderson, Galesburg, Broom corn comb. C. A. Anderson, Rockford, Car coupler. R. B. Campbell, Streator, Coal cage. D. G. Clemow, Peoria, Barrel. E. S. Cull, Mt Carmel, Telegraph key. J. S. Cusson, De Kalb, Sweat pad. S. H. Fish, Hinsdale, Potato planter. J. G. Hodgson, Maywood, Gang die press. D. H. Iseninger, Bloomington, Try square. G. Jernberg, Rockford, Mower finger bar. J. Loos, Freeport, Martingale loop. P. H. Murphy, East St. Louis, Car roof. P. J. Somer, Dillon, Wire fence. C. C. Reid, New Burnside, Burglar alarm. R. L. Trumble, Newman, Churn.

Washington Letter.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

Washington, Nov. 4, 1889.

The ladies of the upper official circles are busy preparing for the coming season. Mrs. Harrison has gone for a week's shopping in New York, where she will endeavor to secure gowns that shall outvie the wonderful costumes of my splendid lady, Mrs. Morton. The family of Secretary Noble hope to be settled in their new home by December, where the Secretary's wife and her two sisters, the Misses Halstead, will get their first experience of a Washington season. The daughter of Attorney general Miller will be brought out this winter, though Mrs. Miller's fondness for domestic duties will prohibit much participation in society events. The Wamamaker family, first in the field, as might be expected from the Postmaster-General's enterprising advertising in other fields, announces the formal introduction of Miss Wamamaker, the eldest, at a tea next Friday. Secretary Proctor's family will not be known in society this winter. Mrs. Proctor's soul is said to be wrapped up in her invalid son of eleven. She is now with him in Vermont, but will shortly go with him to the far South, as even the climate of Washington in winter is too variable for the little fellow's health. A niece of Secretary Proctor will represent the household at such entertainments as are absolutely necessary. The big home which Secretary Rusk has rented will be graced by his wife and daughter. The Rusk's lived in Washington for a short time during the time he was in Congress, but never attempted housekeeping here before.

This much for the cabinet families that are new to Washington. Of course, everyone knows all about the Blaines and the Windoms, who have lived so many years in Washington. To them the coming season will be but the dull repetition of an oft-told tale. But to these other women who step into the life for the first time, who find an official deference everywhere paid them, who are touched with an ambition, the mothers for their daughters and the daughters for themselves, expectancy is on tip-toe. It means so much, this first winter. When Lent comes it will find a little weariness in the step, a little fading in the eyes, but the butterflies will have had their outing.

Francis Marion Crawford, the novelist, is to settle in Washington where he will continue his literary

work. Mr. Crawford is a singularly fortunate man. His artistic tastes are an inheritance from his father, the sculptor who for many years was a leading artist of Rome. His literary talent was cultivated in the best schools, and that he has traveled far and to good purpose the readers of his books appreciate. He is a splendid man physically. The most careful attention to exercise, especially fencing has fully developed this giant. He is young, and must be happy.

Add to his joys that he has a beautiful and accomplished wife, and you will see that his life is complete. Mrs. Crawford is the daughter of Col. Berdan, who in the early part of the war organized a troop of sharpshooters. Every man who fought in the Army of the Potomac remembers Berdan's sharpshooters, and their fourteen pound telescopic sight rifles, that enabled them to single out a man at the distance of one mile and put a ball through him. General Berdan, after the civil war in this country, invented a breech loading musket with a direct bolt action, which failing to dispose of here, he sold to the Russian government for \$700,000. He superintended the construction of the first 100,000 muskets, and left Russia a man rich in money and decorations. With his beautiful daughter he went to Turkey where he became a leading figure in court circles, and taught the Turks some very pretty tricks in warfare—for a consideration. His daughter was admired for her beauty, and her large gray-blue eyes, the sort of eyes Mary of Scotland had, were used to conquests before she met and married Mr. Crawford. It is like a page of romance, the life of this beautiful and gifted pair, and nowlike true fairy folks, they come back to live happy ever afterward in their own country.

The Scotch Thistle.

Queen Scotia had led her troops in a well-fought field, and when the day was won retired to the rear to rest from her toils. She threw herself on the ground, where, as ill-luck would have it, an envious thistle had elected to grow at the very spot selected for her repose. Whether the fair Amazon fought in the same cause, or not, I know not, but the spines of the offending herb were sufficiently powerful to penetrate the skin in a very painful manner. A proverbial philosopher (not Tupper, I think) has declared that "he that sitteth on nettles riseth up quick." And the same remark is held good of thistles. Queen Scotia sprang up and tore the thistle up by the roots. She was about to cast it from her with a military but unlady like expression, when it struck her that the prickly plant would henceforth be ever associated in her mind with the glorious victory she had just gained. Her intention was changed. She placed the thistle in her casque, and it became the badge of her dynasty.—London Notes and Queries.

They Can't Understand It.

The testimony of travelers in various parts of the world shows that most savages think that books speak to the readers. Some Eskimoes, seeing a priest read the Bible thought that he heard the book and repeated the words to them. A Fuegian, after hearing a reader, took the book and put it to his ear in order to hear the sound of the voice that spoke to the reader. The savages of West Australia, used to be greatly puzzled by the "speaking papers," as they called books and letters. They could not understand how a person receiving a letter announcing the sending of a number of sheep was able to detect it that one was missing. Some Cochins China Bantams were in like manner astonished at finding that a demand for payment for carrying a letter was defeated by the letter itself, the writer having announced the prepayment of the fee. A California Indian having by a letter been detected in the theft of one of a number of leaves of bread that he was carrying to a missionary, the next time that he had a like errand hid the note under a stone that it should not see him eat the bread and thus be able to tell of the theft.

He Traveled at Once.

He had been wondering for some time how he could escape from the coils that were gently enveloping him and break the spell of soft converse and witching eyes. An opportunity came at last. As she ended a spirited description of her journey through the Alps she said impulsively: "Oh, Mr. Slopace, I think you ought to travel!" He looked at her rigidly, rose slowly, and grasped his hat. "No woman shall stay that twice to me," he remarked in a firm and desperate voice. "I knew it was after 11 o'clock; but thought—that is—I hoped—no matter. Farewell, Miss Rhineweb—I will travel!" And he did, with alacrity.—Puck.

A Venetian Echo.

It rather destroys the poet's illusion to hear a good-natured, old soul, returned from abroad, expatiating upon the picturesque qualities of the "Grande Canale di Venice."—Harper's Magazine.

A Dramatist's Legacy.

"Zitka" furnishes a sad tale, and one with a moral. It is William Carleton, the author, did not live to see it produced. He died by his own hand after a desperate struggle with poverty. He despised of ever seeing his work placed upon the stage, and he ended the battle with adversity by the favorite method of men who lack the courage to look misfortune undauntedly in the face. The manuscript upon which he had placed such high hopes, and a young daughter, for whose sake he should have lived, were confided to the care of friends. "Zitka" was the child's only solace, and the friends set about to have the play produced. They were successful, as Carleton might have been had he striven a little longer, and from being a penniless dependent the girl became the owner of a property which affords her a tidy income. The tragedy still lives in the orphan, and so long as the piece is before the public she will want for nothing.—New York World.

Dimes and Dollars.

Mrs. A. (in street car)—O, let me pay the fare.
Mrs. B.—No, indeed; I'll pay it.
Mrs. C.—Don't think of such a thing. I have plenty of tickets for all.
Mrs. D.—But it isn't right, you know, it really isn't, for you to use up those last tickets when I've got to get a new bunch, anyhow. Let me pay.
Mrs. A. (in restaurant an hour later).—Well, I declare, I've forgotten my purse.
Mrs. B.—So have I mine. Isn't it strange?
Mrs. C.—I would like to pay for the lunch but really I brought so little money with me that I can't.
Mrs. D.—Never mind. The proprietor here knows me and I'll tell him to charge it to Cousin George.—Philadelphia Record.

Female Doctors.

Dr. Charcot, the famous French doctor, is opposed to the admission of women to his profession. He spoke very decidedly on the subject the other day after the jury of which he was one, had listened to the thesis written and read by Mlle. Schultze and had given their verdict thereon—a most favorable one. "If your intention, mademoiselle, was to prove the intellectual capacity of woman, of what courage she is capable, the amount of instruction she can acquire when she likes I have only praise to give you. Allow me to say, however, that we had nothing to learn on this score; we already know that woman, superior to man in many ways, is his equal in many of his intellectual manifestations. But if your intention was to prove that the medical profession is as much a feminine as a masculine one it is impossible for me not to raise my voice against such a proposition. As a student doctor will never be anything but an exception. There are exceptional women in every walk of life—in art, science, and literature. There are even women who have carried arms, and yet the military career is the one least suited to women. It is worthy of remark that when a woman adopts a profession suitable to men it is never a secondary part she attempts to play. She prefers the first characters. I spoke of woman warriors. These women, you know, played the part of general, never that of simple soldier. Now these female doctors, they aim immediately at being house surgeons in our hospitals; and they will practice medicine, you will see, only in large towns—never in the country. I hold their pretensions to be exorbitant, being contrary to the nature of things—contrary to esthetics."

Why John Washes.

There are no laundrymen in China. No linen is worn there. The rich use silk and woolen or cotton. As such, and ironing are unknown, the female servants do the laundry work. The reason of the great number of laundrymen here is that when the Union Pacific Railroad threw hundreds of Chinamen out of employment they cast about for something to do, and as there was a great demand for washerwomen, and a scant supply of them in the West the Mongolian turned his attention to her trade. He learned it so quickly and so well that he stuck to it, and made so much money that the calling soon became popular. Gradually the laundrymen came East, and no city, and now few villages of any size in the whole country are without a Chinese "laundry."—San Francisco Call.

The Flying Dutchman would probably be Blamark if the wishes of the ex-Empress were consulted.—Life.

Modjeska's Honeymoon.

Still there is, as there has been, marrying and giving in marriage, and taking away in marriage, too. Modjeska tells a story about her honeymoon that is somewhat amusing. It was some years ago, but she still laughs about it. I am glad she does, so many women cry in later years over the happy incidents of their honeymoon. When the Countess and Count Bozena went for their wedding trip, I think I can say that I am sure, it does not matter. One morning she had just got up and the Count had been out for an hour or two taking a morning walk. He came back and appeared to be excited. "Helen! Helen! Come here." "What is it?" "Come here quick, I've brought you some lovely fruit, the first in the market." "All right. I'm dressing. I'll come out as soon as I get ready." She dressed leisurely and came out of her room. The Count was sitting reading, deeply interested in his book. She looked around. No fruit was to be seen. She looked all over the place. The Count looked up. "What are you looking for?" "Where's that fruit?" "The Count looked on the table. It was not there. "Well," he said, "I'll be hanged if I haven't eaten it."—San Francisco Chronicle.

THE ANTIOCH WEEKLY NEWS.
SILVER LAKE CLIPPER.
LAKE VILLA ADVOCATE.
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From the Press of the Antioch News.
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C. O. FOLTZ.

Antioch, Ill.

A MAGNIFICENT STOCK OF CLOTHING JUST UNPACKED AT C. O. FOLTZ

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

J. J. BURKE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

ANTIOCH, ILL. NOV. 7, 1889.

Subscribed for the News, \$1. per year.

When I think of the towel, that old-fashioned towel that used to hang up by the printing house door, I think that nobody in these days of shoddy can hammer out iron to wear as it wore. The tramp who abused it, the devil who used it, the comp who got at it when these two were gone, the make-up and foreman, the editor, poor man, each rubbed some grim off while they put a heap on. In, over and under 'twas blacker than thunder, was harder than poverty, rougher than sin; from the roller suspended, it never was bended, and it flapped on the wall like a banner of tin. It grew thicker and rougher and harder and tougher, and daily put on a more inkier hue until one windy morning without any warning, it fell to the floor and was broken in two. —Burdette.

SMALL WAGES.

Better work for small wages than be idle; better be busy than unemployed. Small wages are better than none, beside a man or boy willing to work for small wages rather than be idle is never long without steady and remunerative employment. The persons who find it difficult as a rule to get employment, are those who are always afraid that they may by accident earn more than they are paid for doing, forgetful of the fact that the eyes of their employer are taking account of their faithfulness and loyalty to his interest. That employer may be a mean and selfish man, but he will be quick to see the value of a man who will not permit loss or waste for a few ticks after the dinner or supper hour has come. The boy who does a job of work well at small or unjust wages, by that act of faithfulness amassing in the shape of character and name that will be valuable to him all through life. Small wages is far better than idleness. Cultivate a manner and mode of speech genial with your comrades, respectful to your superiors, courteous and obliging to the public.

TREVOR, WIS.

After waiting for a long time we have had a little rain, but hardly enough for fall plowing. The farmers are all busy husking corn.

L. A. Havens has been quite unwell for a few days past but is now better. His mother is quite low, not expected to live but a few days. She is 83 years old and old age tells on her. Dr. Darby is attending her.

N. Crowley still makes his weekly visit to Chicago and thinks he is getting rid of his rheumatism.

Nat Beely and Mr. Selway a former Kenosha boy came in Sunday morning with a train load of sheep from Montana.

Butler & Anderson expect a train from Washington Territory on Monday.

Mrs. Leiber lost a valuable horse last week. It was found dead in the stable with its neck broken.

Mr. Carman of Bristol has sold 4 lots on his lake front at the north end of Lake Catherine, and John McQuinn has sold two or three lots on the north end of Channah Lake to parties in Chicago. The desirable locations are all being taken as fast as possible, and still there's more left.

LATER:—Mrs. Havens died Monday at 4 P. M.

Women and Real Estate.

"Girls and women are very valuable office helps to the real estate business," says the gossip St. Paul paper, *Northwestern Real Estate Register*. "It is a wonder to me that more of them are not employed by the agents," remarks a veteran who had grown gray in the management of other people's property. "It is only lately," he continued, "that I could persuade myself to give a lady a place in my office, and I am free to confess that it was not my original intention that led me to it, but the test is none the less satisfactory. A few years ago there was not a lady employed in any of the St. Louis offices. Now there are several of them, and the fitness displayed by those who have been given a trial, in taking hold of the business, will, I think, lead to the employment of a great many more others before long. I was not the first agent by long odds, to give the ladies a chance. I am sorry to say, and I presume it is not true for the agent and brilliant services rendered by a young woman in the office of one of my brother agents, I would have been plodding along as usual without ever having given one of her sex an opportunity to earn a living in the real estate business. Since the experiment I made has turned out so well, quite a number of ladies have been employed in the business. I know of but one who has been given a trial who does not retain her position to-day, and it is my opinion that she found a place where her services as a stenographer or typewriter commanded more money."

"The girl assistant takes her employer's dictation in answer to correspondence in long-hand notes, then writes them out in a splendid, plain, pink-like fashion, draws a ledger and checks to property and quit claims with remarkable accuracy. Another lady that I know of is thoroughly experienced at the stenograph and equally good at manipulating the keys of a typewriter. I don't believe she has her equal in the real estate business. She is identified with one of the leading offices, attends to all its correspondence, is familiar with every piece of property the office has charge of, and when a sale is made it is the custom of her employer to introduce the purchaser to the young woman who then prepares the final papers, notes, deeds, etc., to the transaction. Her attention to the essential details is remarkable."

"I mention this particular case as an example of what women are capable of doing in the real estate business. Others that I know of who are engaged at it have not had so much experience as the model I refer to, but I have no doubt that they, with proper training, will become quite as successful as she is. I know of one of them whose pay is not far from \$75 a month. She is single. I don't know of a married lady in the business, and what is more those who are engaged at it are young and handsome—but I tell you it would take a smart fellow to catch either of them for a wife."

Whale Meat as a Diet.

Talk of butcher's shops. A whale is a whole meat market in itself. It is a floating Smithfield, marine edition of Copenhagen fields, an entire Billingsgate. Nobody needs never starve when whales are in season. A few of them would provision a city for a long siege. Fortunately, as the world grows older, it learns to judge more fairly of neglected kinds of provisions. It is a pity that the true value of whale flesh has not been discovered long ago. How many poor families might have been amply fed if only "whale extract" had come into fashion years back. Gourmands should also show their gratitude for the gift of a fresh flavor. It must be admitted, with regret, but without hesitation, that the list of ordinary articles of food is very limited, and that beef and mutton are apt to become monotonous, and even varied with fish and poultry, and all the eatable fruits of the earth as well. The edibility of the whale is, therefore, an exciting discovery.

The drawback to the pleasant picture which arises when the mind contemplates 50,000 people dining off one animal is contained in the thought that whales, when they are proved to be valuable for dietetic purposes, will be hunted until they become scarce and perhaps extinct. To guard against this danger we have no doubt that whale breeding would come into fashion. People who found other forms of food culture unremunerative might remove to countries where the climate allowed whales to live in comfort and establish whale farms at the mouth of tidal rivers. There is, in fact, no end to the opening for enterprise and ingenuity which are available, owing to the domestication of the whale.

Da Maurier.

In appearance M. du Maurier, the artist of London *Punch*, bears a striking resemblance to Alma Tadema. This likeness has given rise to many amusing complications. Some time ago at a dinner party he happened to sit next to a daughter of his host. "I can not understand," remarked the young lady, "how people can be so absurd as to mistake you for Mr. Tadema." To me the likeness is very slight. A little later she said: "Oh, I bought your photograph the other day. Would you mind—er—putting your autograph to it?" Mr. du Maurier expressed his surprise and later on the evening the young lady conducted him to a writing-table and handed him the photograph for his signature. M. du Maurier looked at it, sighed, and then laid it very gently on the table. "That," he said, "is Mr. Alma Tadema's portrait."

Giving a Dog Away.

Max and Moritz were the only male youngsters in the family. The first named one day brought a dog home, a horrid, ugly creature, to the great disgust of the female portion of the household. At length the oldest of the sisters persuaded little Max to take the dog back where he found it, or give it away, and gave him three pence for his trouble. Max strutted off with the cur and returned in half an hour, munching the remains of the last nuts he had bought with his sister's money.

"Well, what have you done with that ugly brute?" the latter inquired.

"Gave it to Moritz!" was the reply.—*Illustrated Weekly.*

Of 26,000 criminals arrested in Paris, 10,000 had not attained the age of 20.

PERSONAL MENTION.

W. B. Rogers took in Watkegan Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Padlock of Grass Lake, were callers at our office Tuesday.

Mrs. L. R. Graves and Mrs. Shaffer of Trevor made our office a short call Saturday.

Miss Kate Sivard of Brighton, Wis. was the guest of Miss Maggie Bohm last week.

Tommy Brogan went to Rockefeller Monday, to attend school there for the week.

Orlando Hook of Lake Villa, and Theo. Frazier of Hickory were among our Saturday callers.

Mr. Anton Streit of Ashton, Iowa was visiting his aunt Mrs. M. Behn and family a few days last week.

S. H. Zimmermann of Freeport, Ill. for six years business manager of the M. W. A. order and at present one of the directors of the same, was in our village Saturday and made our office a pleasant call.

Auction Sale!

The undersigned will sell at Public Auction, at his residence, one-half mile east of Hickory Corners.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 12th, 1889, commencing at 10 o'clock, a.m. the following described property to-wit:

10 good young Cows, 5 yearlings, 1 three-year old steer, 1 two-year-old heifer, 10 Calves, 1 Norman cow three years old, 1 Norman mare 8 years old, with foal, 1 Jersey sucking mare 7 years old, with foal, 2 Clyde sucking Cows, 5 fattening hogs, 10 sheep, 1 Mower, Hay Rake, Cultivator, bob sleighs, Drag, Plow, wheel-barrow, Grind stone, Hay Rack, Bain wagon, cutter, top buggy, Hay Fork and rye, single and double harness, barrel, church, time hay, straw, corn fodder etc.

TERMS: Cash of \$10, or under, cash; over \$10, one year time on approved notes, at 6 per cent.

THEO. FRAZIER.

THE MATRON OF THE TOMBS.

What She has to Say of Female Offenders.

Nellie Bly writes in the New York *World*: I put this question to Mrs. McAuliffe, the matron of the Tombs: "Did you ever know of any women reforming?"

"No, I never did. I have known of hard drinkers keeping sober for several months at a time; but they can't control themselves, and a wild desire will return which brings them here again."

"What is the chief cause of crime among women?" I asked.

"Cheap drink, undoubtedly. These women often tell me that they can get drunk for all the drink they want for a salary. If drink was not so cheap the police courts would not have so much to do. It leads to everything else. After these women serve a sentence for being drunk they go out, and probably the next day will find them again. Why? Well, they say they need something to brace them, and they brace too much. I look on these women as diseased. They really can not help themselves. The ones I have no patience with are the lazy women who commit themselves in preference to working. I think a young, healthy woman who would rather go to the island than to work cannot receive too severe a sentence."

"Drink is the root of all evil," she continued. "Every woman, every wrong deed is the result of drink. And sending women to the island does more to promote evil than anything else. No woman who serves time on the island ever reforms. We have one woman here to-day who left the island yesterday at 10 o'clock after serving a six months' term. Some of the keepers gave her 20 cents to pay her fare into town. Instead of that she went into the first saloon, and at 4 o'clock was back again. Now she has another term to serve."

"Good night! I am going," said a woman coming from one of the cells. "Won't you wish me luck?"

"I do," replied the matron, "and here is enough money to pay your fare. And with a few kind wishes she let the woman out and locked the door."

"Now, you see, there is a woman who has served her sentence. She is going out at night, homeless and penniless. What is there for her to do? Who will take her in or trust her? A few days will bring her back, because there is nothing else for her."

"What of these homes?"

"They are filled already with women who have not served time. If, instead of the island, there was in preference to working, they could, while serving time, be taught to work, and for good work and conduct receive 50 cents a month, when their time was up they would have enough to support them until they could get on their feet, and while there they would have learned to do something. If arrested on the same complaint a second time they should get instead of a few months, a year. Make the punishment severe for a third failing. The island makes women worse instead of better. What is the use of sending them there? It neither punishes them nor reforms them, so it is a failure."

Busy Inventor Edison.

In the laboratory office of Thomas A. Edison's photographic factory in West Orange is a very unbusinesslike piece of furniture. Casually looked at one thinks it a secretary. Closely examined it proves to be a folding bed. Its presence there is the only indication to the stranger who meets the wizard for the first time that he is not personally the easy-going fellow he appears in conversation.

Mr. Edison's indefatigability is no less a source of constant astonishment to the workers in his factory than his wonderful inventions are to the public at large. He is always on hand early in the day. He works harder, says the New York *Evening Post*, than any other man around him, and he is capable of working up to 2 and 3 o'clock the next morning. Then he often prefers to unwind the folding bed in his office and take a few hours' sleep there than add to his weariness by climbing the quarter-mile hill to his house in Llewellyn park.

His comprehension is never dulled by fatigue. In fact, his friends say that his mind never feels weariness, and that he sleeps only when a worn-out body compels it. The last thing he does at night is to quickly run over every one of the numerous designs in the hands of his twenty-five designers and take in the progress and possibilities of each at a glance. The first thing in the morning he goes the same rounds again, discussing each of the designs with the worker, suggesting here, adding there, changing in the details, in a way that shows he has given each design mature thought since the examination of the night before. When did he get time for the consideration? people ask. Oh, he must have thought them over in bed, answered his employees. Indeed, the statement that he dreams most of his ideas is one that meets credence with some of the designers.

"Talk about your photograph," said an employee. "It cannot compare as an object of wonder to the man who invented it. But you have to work alongside of him in the same class of work to fully realize it."

A visitor found the wizard on Sunday with one of his photographic dolls in pieces before him, and a piece of paper on the table covered with rough pencilings.

"Edison suddenly hit me at breakfast this morning," said Mr. Edison, "for cheapening this doll, and I couldn't rest till to-morrow to put it on paper. I can make the framework that holds this tiny photograph cheaper by changing its shape, and thus saving much. This change in shape will permit me to substitute a small screw for this large one, and save several cents that way, too."

Hope Deferred.

"Go to bed, sir, in the closet there," said an enraged father to a son who had given him just cause of offense; "were it not for this case gentlemen are present I would give you a sound whipping, but you shall have it before breakfast to-morrow, certain." The little rebel went to his crib with a heavy heart, and the enjoyments of the party continued until a late hour, just when the party was about to break up, the closet door was quietly pulled back, and the young offender put out his head, requesting that the sentence might be put in execution. "Father, would you just give me my likeable night, for I can't sleep without them!"—*London Telegraph.*

Misfortunes are said to come in pairs, but the first one surely came with an apple.

In a Junk Shop.

A peddler's cart drew up before a dilapidated old building on York street the other day and proceeded to dump rags, old iron and waste paper, says the Brooklyn *Eagle*. A dingy sign over the door read "Junk Shop," and a little withered up man with small eyes and fiery red beard stood in the doorway with a long hook in his hand. He was the proprietor.

"What sort of profits do you make off this rubbish?" I asked.

"Profit enough to live on," said the little man sharply, at the same time closely scrutinizing the last arrival of his stock on the sidewalk. "This business is as thoroughly graded as a public school. As many as twelve grades of rags are sold to the paper companies at prices ranging from half a cent to 10 cents a pound. Clippings from high-priced goods from tailor shops bring the highest price, and old soft wools sell for the same price and both are worked into shoddy. Satisfactory cotton rags are worth from 1 cent to 1 cent a pound. Books and common newspapers are worth 1 cent and common wrapping paper 1 cent. Paste-board is sometimes taken at 1 cent of a cent, but is rarely of little value. Old metals are the best things to deal in. Old copper taking the lead and bringing as high as 10 to 12 cents. Zinc is worth 2 1/2 cents; iron ranges from 1 cent to 1 cent. Old stovepipes, burned grates and such like form the poorest grade of iron and are worked up chiefly into nails. Brass always has a ready sale and is worth according to quality from 8 to 12 cents. There is a demand for all descriptions of glass. Flint medicine bottles with the proprietor's name blown into them can be returned to the manufacturer where they sometimes bring 50 cents a dozen; champagne and claret bottles are worth 1 cent a piece to restaurant keepers; ordinary medicine and beer bottles bring 1/2 of a cent. Peddlers now seldom handle old leather of any description and old wire is worth nothing."

The grotesque Arizona Cactus. Foremost among the sights which excite the exclamations of astonishment from the tourist is that of the grotesque cactus of Arizona Territory. Like other tropical productions, it is totally unlike any preconceived notions of what nature could design. The plant is leafless, having a bare, fleshy stalk, protected everywhere by sharp and venomous barbs. Its flowers are considered among the choicest, varying from white and yellow to deep crimson or purple. These blossoms, capitate, are wax like, and their fragrance calls to mind the Arabian fabled experience among the fairy plants, with their sparkling fruits of diamonds and other gems.

The fruit is egg-shaped, with a crown on the upper side, and is generally delicate, presenting a varied color as the flowers. It contains a large quantity of seeds, surrounded by a nicely flavored juicy substance. In different species the fruit in size is all the way up from a canary's to an ostrich's egg. The cactus is almost imperishable, and can live many months without water, although it is only seen in its perfection under a plentiful supply. So hardy is the plant that a piece from any part will take root and grow if placed in the ground, even though it has lain around for a time. It thrives equally well on a piece of bare rock in a scorching tropical sun as it would packed in ice in a northern zone. It is a paradox—a curiosity in the vegetable kingdom.—*Corona News.*

Juvenile Scholarship.

The following answers are copied verbatim from the history papers in a scholarship examination. The ages of the candidates ranged from 11 to 13. "Wellington's chief victories were Waterloo and the Peninsula war. One night there was a grand ball at Brussels in honor of the English soldiers. Just as the ball was at its height, the drums of war were heard. The soldiers left their partners to range up for the battle. The guns were run out and the French defeated.

"Another of Wellington's great victories was Trafalgar; in this battle he was killed; it was fought in 1805.

"Clio was a brave old woman. He was in parliament he threatened to shoot the other men.

"Thomas Cromwell was first a schoolmaster, but afterward he gained honors till he rose to the important post of protector.

"Wylyffe was the first writer of the bible. He was burned at the stakes; afterwards his bones were crushed.

"Wylyffe was a follower of God. He used to walk about the streets in the dark ages and sell small bottles to any one who would buy by which was some red mixture, which he said was the blood of Christ.

"Lord Burleigh was a great statesman who discovered the gunpowder plot. Lord Handolph Churchill is his direct descendant.

"Lord Byron was walking one day when a beautiful poem called the 'Lady of the Lake' entered his head, which still exists.

"Lord Beaconsfield was the head of the Prime Minister and lived in the reign of George III.

"Australia was given to the English by the natives because they said they had died out.

"The turning events in English history: Magna Charta, 1215; habeas corpus, 1287; the reign of Queen Elizabeth, 1558; the reign of Charles Warren, 1838."—*London Journal of Education.*

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